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Italian Melodies.

BY FANNY RAYMOND BITTER.

1. ROSA.

Thy velvet cheeks are red as the rose,
Thine eyes are clear as dew on the rose,
Thy lips, thy hands, are buds of the rose,
Thy braided locks are boughs of the rose,
Thy breath is sweet as scent of the rose,
Thy tongue is the fine, sharp thorn of the rose,
Thy voice is the sigh of the wind-stirred rose,
Thy heart is warm as the heart of the rose,
They named thee well, who baptized thee Rosa!
But art thou, indeed, named after the rose,
Or is it from thee that we name the rose?
For when did summer's best bloom unclose
To rich perfection like thine, my Rose?

2. CATERINA.

Oh, Caterina, you were born
To be my plague and sorrow!
Calm, storm, spice, sugar, rosebud, thorn,
To-day this, that to-morrow!
In look, in tone, now gay, now grave,
Each instant changing, veering;
Your fragile barque, on life's dim wave,
At hazard wildly steering!
Unhappy I, against the gale,
Within that light barque driving!
And as you steer, and as you sail,
Borne on, resisting, striving!
Now of some lofty wave the sport,
Then struggling in the hollows:
When will the sailor reach the port,
If such a track he follows?

3. TERESA.

On Monday thou'rt a Sensitive, Teresa shy and tender;
On Tuesday like the jessamine thy passionate, pale, splen-
dor;
On Wednesday thou'rt an almond flower in radiant bloom
and lustre;
On Thursday, darkly, wildly sweet, a fragrant violet
cluster;
On Friday, bland and fresh as wave-dewed lilies of the
water;
On Saturday, the moss-veiled rose's youngest, loveliest
daughter;
But when, on Sunday morn, while soft the acolytes are
quiring,
I hear that thrilling voice, I meet those glances soul-
inspiring,
I deem thee then a day-born star,—dawn's brightest
emanation,—
The heavenly music of the air,—the heart of God's crea-
tion,—
Oh, fairer far than flower or star, or spirit superhuman,
Thou salt of strife, thou crown of life, thou bliss-bestow-
ing woman!

Richard Wagner's Reminiscences of Spontini.*

[To the Editor of the "Ménestrel."]

My dear Editor, as Spontini is the order of the day in the *Ménestrel*, your readers may not, perhaps, be sorry to make acquaintance with some pages of Richard Wagner's, which are entitled *My Reminiscences of Spontini*, and included in Vol. V. of his *Collected Works*. The notion of the author of *Lohegrin* describing his dealings with the composer of *Die Vestalin* is, you must allow, tolerably piquant. You will, moreover, I think, be rather astonished at the deference with which Wagner speaks of his illustrious predecessor, for people picture the ferocious Niebelung as knocking down with his club everyone he meets. But you must recollect that Spontini, despite his Italian origin, is of the same race as Gluck; and that he belongs to the same great school of lyric declamation whence Wagner derived his inspiration; if you bear this in mind, Wagner's respect will strike you as being as natural as it is logical. There is another surprise, too,

in reserve for you. It has been said over and over again that Wagner envelops his thoughts in phrases so obscure and foggy that light never penetrates them, and that they defy even the sun itself. The tone of simplicity which reigns in the following account, and the good-natured frankness characterizing it, will teach you the value of such assertions. It is true that all Wagner's writings do not possess the same limpidity,† but they contain, nevertheless, highly instructive views, of which I intend some day to give your readers the benefit, if this first specimen inspires them with a taste that way. Receive, my dear Editor, the assurance of the friendly devotion with which I remain yours truly.

VICTOR WILDER.

We had determined at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, to have a very careful revival of *Die Vestalin* for the autumn of the year 1844. As the co-operation of Mad. Schröder-Devrient was a guarantee that the performance would, in many respects, be a remarkable one, I suggested to Herr von Lüttichau, the Intendant of the Theatre, the idea of inviting Spontini to get up and conduct his justly-celebrated opera himself. This struck me as a most well-timed demonstration in favor of the composer, at a moment when he had been subjected to great humiliations at Berlin, and was about to leave that city without any hopes of returning to it. My wish was gratified, and as the management of the work formed part of my duties,‡ I was naturally the person charged to write to Spontini, and submit our proposals to him. I framed my letter in French, and, despite my inexperience of that language, it gave him, seemingly, a highly favorable opinion of my zeal, for in an epistle of which the style was perfectly majestic, he condescended to confide to me his instructions for all the preparative part of the ceremony. With regard to the vocal artists, he declared that he felt perfectly at ease, the more so as he could reckon on so talented a person as Mad. Schröder-Devrient. As to the chorus and ballet, he recommended me to neglect nothing which could ensure a performance worthy of the work; while, respecting the orchestra, he reckoned on its completely satisfying him. He entertained no doubt that we had the requisite number of instruments, "le tout garni de douze bonnes contrebasses."§ This phrase threw me into the greatest perplexity, for the number twelve, neatly written in figures, instantly gave me the measure of Spontini's pretensions, and left no doubt as to what he would not fail to expect in other matters. I ran off quickly to acquaint the Intendant with the state of the case, and explained to him that our project was not so easy of realization as we had supposed. He was much alarmed, and we agreed that, at any price, we must find some means of withdrawing our invitation. Meanwhile, Mad. Schröder-Devrient heard of our embarrassment, and, knowing Spontini as well as she did, laughed heartily at our imprudent simplicity. However, she consented to extricate us from our difficulty by authorizing us to take advantage of a slight indisposition from which she was suffering as a pretext for putting off our project. Fortunately, Spontini had insisted on the prompt production of his work, because he could devote only a short time to us, in consequence of his being obliged to set out very soon for Paris, where he was expected

† They do not. If the Reader doubts this assertion, let him try to wade through *Oper und Drama*, *Eine Mittheilung an seine Freunde*, or any other of Herr R. Wagner's æsthetic works, or, if he is averse to severe mental effort, *ex profecto credat*.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ Wagner was at that period conductor at the Royal Opera, Dresden.

§ The passages in turned commas are in French in Wagner's original text.

with impatience. I eagerly adopted the pretext, and, dwelling on the indispensability of delay, again wrote to Spontini, saying that we renounced the pleasure of seeing him among us, and advising his giving up all idea of the visit which we had requested him to make. Believing we were delivered, we breathed freely.

We had quietly resumed our preparations, and were pretty well advanced, when, about twelve o'clock on the day previous to the general rehearsal, a strange carriage suddenly stopped at my door. An old man, proudly draped in an ample blue houppelande, and walking as solemnly as a Spanish grandee, got out. It was Spontini. He at once entered my room, showed me the letters I had addressed him, and demonstrated irrefutably that it was only in compliance with our pressing solicitations that he had come to Dresden. In all this, he had conformed entirely to our views and wishes. In my joy at seeing this marvellous man, and the hope of hearing his work executed under his own inspiration, I actually forgot my past terror and bravely resolved on doing all I could to content and satisfy him. This I told him frankly, and with an accent of truthfulness, which called up on his lip a smile full of kindness and child-like satisfaction; but when, to do away with any latent suspicion, I suggested that he himself should conduct the performance fixed for the next day, his countenance suddenly became clouded; he grew pensive, and appeared to foresee a host of difficulties. He specified nothing, however, and did not explain himself clearly on any point, so that I was greatly embarrassed, not knowing what course to adopt in order to prevail on him to do as I wished. After some hesitation, however, he at length enquired with what sort of stick I was accustomed to beat time. I told him it was a wooden staff on which white paper was pasted, and I gave him approximately its proportions. He heaved a deep sigh, and asked whether I thought that I could procure him by the next day an ebony staff, very thick, and of a length altogether unusual, with a large ivory knob at each end. I promised I would let him have for the rehearsal a staff of ordinary wood which should resemble the one he wanted, and, for the performance, another made of the prescribed materials, that is: of ebony decorated with ivory. Completely re-assured, he passed his hand over his forehead, authorized me to announce that he would conduct the orchestra next day, and left for his hotel, but not without having previously minutely repeated his instructions relative to his famous conducting-stick.

I did not know whether I was dreaming or awake, but, having at length recovered my senses, ran off to the theatre to relate what had occurred, and talk over all this strange visit foreboded. We were dumbfounded. Mad. Schröder-Devrient gaily offered herself as a sacrifice to the old composer's whims, while I hastened to the master stage-carpenter, with whom I had a serious conference regarding the conductor's stick, after which I had promised to look. This grave negotiation went off most satisfactorily. The staff was constructed of the specified proportions; in color it was exactly like ebony, and two large white knobs were fixed on the ends. In due time, we met at the grand rehearsal. Scarcely was he in his chair ere Spontini appeared ill at ease. He wanted above all things the oboes to be placed behind him. But, as this modification would have thrown the orchestra into a state of perturbation and disorder, I proposed that it should be adjourned, and promised to manage it myself

*From *Le Ménestrel* (translated in *Lond. Mus. World*.)

after the rehearsal. This compromise having been tacitly accepted, the composer at last seized his staff. I instantly understood why he attached such extraordinary importance to its form and dimensions. He did not hold it by one of the ends as is generally done by those who have to conduct a band of instrumentalists; he grasped it firmly by the middle, and brandished it in such a manner, that one could easily see he used it as a field-marshal's staff, not to beat time, but to command.

In the very first scenes, matters got into a lamentable state of confusion, from which it was the more difficult to extricate them as the composer expressed himself in German with difficulty, and, consequently, could not succeed in rendering himself intelligible either to the orchestra or the singers. But I had no difficulty in soon coming to the conclusion that his object was above all things to make us feel the necessity for fresh study. In fact, he aimed at nothing less than causing us to go through all the labor of the rehearsals over again. The disappointment felt by Fischer, the stage-manager and chorus-master, was something terrible, when he saw, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he might have to do all his work anew. He had been full of enthusiasm at the idea of the composer's speedy arrival, but was now boiling over with rage and mortification. Immediately Spontini opened his mouth, Fischer imagined it was to find some new fault with him, and he indulged in some rather coarse answers. To give one instance out of many: at the conclusion of a certain concerted piece, Spontini, bending towards me, said: "Mais, savez-vous, vos chœurs ne chantent pas mal." Fischer, who was observing us with a suspicious eye, exclaimed in an irritated tone: "Eh bien! qu'y a-t-il encore? Qu'est-ce qu'il veut . . . le vieux?"

An important matter which detained us a long time was the arrangement of the triumphal march in the first act. The composer gave vent to inexhaustible complaints on seeing the indifferent bearing of the people at the entrance of the Vestals. He had not at first remarked that, by order of the stage-manager, everyone knelt down at the appearance of the Priestesses, for everything he could perceive only by means of his eyes was quite beyond the scope of his observation, on account of his being so extraordinarily short-sighted. What he wanted was for the Roman soldiers to testify their respect by striking the ground with their lances before kneeling down, and he wished the movement to be executed with the perfect precision of well-disciplined troops. We had to repeat it an incalculable number of times, and, unfortunately, at each new attempt, a certain number of tardy or too hasty lances interfered with the harmony of the proceedings. Spontini himself went through the manoeuvre with his celebrated conducting stick. All his trouble was thrown away! He could never obtain his ideal effect, and the action was wanting in energy and decision. The incident reminds me of the curious accuracy and striking effect of similar evolutions in *Fernand Cortez*, a work I had seen some years previously in Berlin, and which had left a deep impression on me. I perceived that we should have to devote considerable time and trouble to overcome the indolence characterizing such theatrical manoeuvres among us, and to execute them to the composer's satisfaction. After the first act, Spontini went upon the stage. Being so short-sighted, he supposed he was still surrounded by the principal artists, so he began valiantly stating the reasons which compelled him to postpone the production of his piece till it could be represented in the spirit in which he had conceived it. But the singers, to whom he fancied he was talking, were dispersed about the theatre, giving free course to their lamentations, and the venerable composer went on gravely haranguing, for the benefit of the stage-carpenters, the lampmen, and other persons employed on the establishment, and who crowded round him out of curiosity. It was before this audience, so little

worthy of him, that he developed, with remarkable warmth, his theories on the real foundations of dramatic art. Directly I was able to form an opinion of the situation, I went up to him, and, in a friendly and deferential tone, explained to him his mistake. I assured him that all he desired should be done, and especially that Herr Eduard Devrient, who knew *Die Vestalin*, and recollected all the details of the *mise-en-scène* at Berlin, would undertake to drill the chorus-singers and supernumeraries. I thus succeeded in rescuing him from the somewhat ridiculous position, in which, to my great mortification, I saw him involved. My words reassured him, and we drew up together the plan we were to follow in getting up the pieces as he wished. To tell the truth, I was the only person to whom the new turn taken by matters was not, after all, disagreeable. The fact is that through Spontini's rather absurd caprices I clearly perceived the persevering energy with which he pursued the realization of one of the objects at present most neglected and unappreciated in dramatic art.

We recommenced our studies, therefore, by a pianoforte rehearsal, so that the master might be able to communicate his intentions to his interpreters. To tell the truth, this labor taught us very little fresh. Spontini laid less stress upon the details than on his views of the work as a whole, and was fond of launching out at length on its general conception. I observed, by the way, that he was accustomed to adopt a singularly peremptory tone, even with the most famous artists, such as Mad. Schröder-Devrient and Tichatscheck certainly were. He forbade the latter to employ the word *brut* (bride), which Licinius used when addressing Julia in the German text. The word jarred horribly on his ears, and he was unable to understand, he said, how any person could couple so flat and vulgar a sound to music. As for the artist, a very inferior one, by the way, charged with the part of the Grand Priest, Spontini gave him a long lesson on the manner in which this personage is to be understood. He deduced his character from the conversation he has with the Augur. He showed that all the High Priest's calculations were based on religious superstition and the machinations of the other priests. The Pontiff ought to give us to understand that he had nothing to fear, not even an adversary who held the army in his hands, since he was sure, come what might, that all would turn out well for him; because, supposing the worst to happen, and that Julia were snatched from execution, he could, by effecting as he chose the miracle which would instantaneously rekindle the sacred fire of Vesta, save the sacerdotal influence. In a conversation which I had with Spontini concerning his instrumentation, I asked the reason of his not having utilized the trombones in the magnificent triumphal march of the first act, when he had employed them so energetically in several other passages of his opera. "Est-ce que je n'y ai pas de trombones?" ("Have I no trombones there?") he answered, with genuine surprise. For all reply, I showed him a copy of the engraved score. He instantly asked me to write a trombone part for the march, begging me to do so at once, so that he might judge of its effect at the first band rehearsal. He said, also, "J'ai entendu dans votre *Rienzi*, un instrument que vous appelez basse-tuba; je ne veux pas bannir cet instrument de l'orchestre; faites m'en une partie pour *La Vestale*." ("I heard in your *Rienzi* an instrument you call a bass-tuba; I will not banish it from the orchestra; so write me a part for it in *The Vestal*.")—I experienced genuine pleasure in conforming to his desires, and in carrying them out with moderation and discretion. When he heard for the first time at rehearsal the effect of the instruments thus added, he did not fail to cast a glance of grateful satisfaction towards me. This favorable impression remained in his mind, for he subsequently wrote me a very affectionate letter from Paris, asking for the little score of the instrumental supplement. His pride, however,

would not let him acknowledge frankly that he desired anything of which I was the author; and this feeling was betrayed by the roundabout terms he employed. "Envoyez-moi," he wrote, "une partition des trombones pour la marche triomphale, et de la basse-tuba, telle qu'elle a été exécutée sous ma direction à Dresde." ("Send me a score of the trombones for the triumphal march, and of the bass-tuba, as executed under my direction at Dresden.")

One of the most characteristic circumstances which marked our getting up of the piece was the energy with which Spontini brought out, nay, even exaggerated, the rhythmical accent. To attain the effect he desired, he had adopted the habit at Berlin of marking the strong bars by the word *Dieu* (this one), of which I did not at first understand the signification. Tichatscheck was especially pleased with this method, for he was so enamored of rhythm that he always insisted upon precision of attack whenever any important parts were to be taken up by the chorus. He was convinced that if the first note was struck with certainty, the remainder would follow as a matter of course. —Everyone bowed submissively to the composer's wishes, and took a deep interest in him. The tenors alone were angry with him a long time for a terrible fright he had given them. It happened that in the quivering accompaniment of Julia's sombre cantilena, at the end of the second act, the execution did not at all agree with the composer's intentions. Turning towards the tenors, he said in a sepulchral voice: "Est-ce que les altos sont morts?" ("Are the tenors dead?") Terrified by this adjuration, two pale hyecondriacs, who, despite their right to a pension, would insist on retaining the first desk, nearly fell off their stools, and turned towards Spontini with haggard eyes and distorted features. It seemed as though they had just heard the passing bell, and that they saw the tomb gaping to receive them. I endeavored to recall them to life by explaining in a perfectly prosaic style what the composer wanted them to do.—Spontini could see I was devoted to him by the zeal I displayed in modifying, according to his notions, the arrangement of our instrumental army. The order in which he wanted his musicians placed resulted less from any system than from an inveterate habit. But this habit possessed an extreme importance, which I understood perfectly, when the master deigned to explain it to me. "Je dirige," he said, "non pas avec la main mais avec le regard; mon œil gauche est premier, mon œil droit second violon. Or, pour conduire avec les yeux, il faut renoncer aux lunettes, lors même qu'on a la vue courte. Voilà ce que ne comprennent pas une foule de mauvais batteurs de mesure. Quant à moi," he added, "je vous le dis en confidence, je ne vois pas plus loin que le bout de mon nez, et pourtant, d'un coup d'œil, je fais exécuter tout ce que je veux." ("I conduct not with my hand but with my glance; my right eye is first, and my left eye second violin. Now, to conduct with the eyes, one must renounce spectacles, even when one is short-sighted. This is something not understood by a host of wretched time-beaters. As for me, I will tell you in confidence that I cannot see further than the tip of my nose, and yet with a glance I make the orchestra execute whatever I choose.") With regard to the order in which Spontini desired the members of the band to be placed, it was certainly characterized by more than one illogical detail. Thus, in conformity with the Parisian fashion, the oboists were stationed immediately behind him. The two artists were thus obliged to turn the bells of their instruments towards the audience, and one of them, the first oboe, was so mortified that I had all the trouble in the world with him. But, with the exception of such slight mistakes, Spontini's ideas were founded upon a perfectly rational principle, though it is one not yet recognized, even at the present day, in most German orchestras.

According to this method, the mass of strings

is distributed over the whole orchestra. The brass and the instruments of percussion are arranged on the two sides. The other wind instruments, which somewhat resemble, by the softness of their tone, stringed instruments, are placed, as a matter of course, between the violins, which they connect. In opposition to this system, very many of our most numerous and most renowned orchestras still admit the division of the instrumental mass into two distinct parts, placing all the strings on one side and all the wind on the other. This faulty arrangement produces, of necessity, a rugged and violent effect, where the various kinds of sound cannot be blended, the different voices of the orchestra never being successfully condensed into round and homogeneous sonority. As regards myself, I was much pleased at the innovation introduced by Spontini; for, thanks to the initiative taken by him, I had no difficulty in obtaining an order from the King, retaining the new arrangement. Nothing remained for me to do after Spontini's departure, but to modify certain details, and to reform certain logical errors, in order to effect a thoroughly normal and rational arrangement.

Despite all his singularities, Spontini exerted a very real ascendancy, a genuine fascination, on the artists of the theatre. Every one, consequently, exhibited extraordinary zeal, and endeavored to contribute his share towards the brilliancy of the performance announced. While all this was going on in the orchestra, Herr Eduard Devrient was busy on the stage, and had succeeded in drilling the choral masses perfectly. Among other things, it was he who supplied us with the means of satisfying Spontini on a point to which he attached great importance, and which singularly embarrassed us. In conformity with the tradition of the German stage, we had determined on concluding *The Vestal* by the impassioned duet which Julia, accompanied by the chorus, sings with Licinius, at the moment of her deliverance. But the composer insisted strongly on restoring the part which had been cut out. He wanted his work to end with a ballet and a chorus of joy, agreeably to the poetic law of French opera. He was averse to seeing his sparkling score die out miserably on the place of execution. He desired, at any price, a final picture in a new scene, representing the sacred grove of Venus. There, mid dancing and shouts of joy, the triumphant pair was to be conducted to the altar, by the priest and priestesses crowned with roses. His desire was gratified. Unfortunately, this modification at the last hour was not destined to procure for us a success for which we all prayed.

[To be continued.]

Cherubini.

Memorials illustrative of his Life. By Edward Bellasis.
[From the London Musical Standard.]

[Concluded from page 381.]

In 1825 Charles X. ascended the throne, and Cherubini composed for the coronation ceremony the mass in A. The criticisms which Mr. Bellasis reprints on this work teem with praise as to its exalted character, the loftiness of its ideas, the richness of its harmony, and its brilliant clearness. Girod considers it the most beautiful of all his masses; even Berlioz writes in the most enthusiastic terms of its celebrated Communion March. Its performance at Rheims cathedral made a great sensation, and the King raised its composer to the grade of Officer in the Legion of Honor. The work has been published in an altered form in London, one Haydn Corri having added another voice part to it.

In 1825 Mendelssohn brought his son to Paris, and asked Cherubini's advice as to whether he should take up music as a profession. The old man heard the young genius play, and after having examined some of his works, spoke kindly to him, and only found fault with him for being "rich" and somewhat over-tailored. Berlioz entered the Conservatoire in 1826. He relates in his Memoirs, with great complacency, a quarrel he had with Cherubini, who had very properly established a system of order eminently necessary to the well-being of such a school:—

"Scarcely come to the direction of the Conservatoire, Cherubini, in taking Perne's place, who had just died, wished to mark his accession by an unknown rigor in the interior organization of the school, where puritanical strictness was not exactly the order of the day. In order to make the intercourse between the pupils of both sexes impossible outside the surveillance of the professors, he gave orders that the men should enter by the door in the Faubourg Poissonnière, and the women by that in the Rue Bergère, these different entrances being placed at the two opposite extremities of the building. In betaking myself one morning to the library, ignorant of the moral decree that had just been promulgated, I entered, according to my custom, by the door in the Rue Bergère, the feminine door, and was about arriving at the library, when a servant, stopping me in the middle of the court, wished to make me go out, to return to the same point where I now was, by entering at the masculine gate. I considered this so ridiculous that I sent the livery Argus about his business, and pursued my way. The rogue wished to pay his court to his new master by showing himself as strict as the latter was. He did not, therefore, consider himself beaten, but ran to tell the circumstance to the director. For a quarter of an hour I was absorbed in reading "Alceste," not thinking any more about this incident, when Cherubini, followed by my denouncer, entered the reading room, his countenance more cadaverous, his hair more erect, his eyes more malicious, his step more abrupt than usual. He made the tour of the table on which several readers were leaning their elbows; after successfully scrutinizing them all, the servant, stopping before me, cried out, 'Le voilà!' Cherubini was in such a rage that he remained for a moment without articulating a word; 'Ah, ah, ah, ah! c'est vous,' he said at length with his Italian accent, which made his fury the more comical; 'c'est vous qui entrez par le porte, que-que-que ze ne veux pas qu'on passe!' 'Sir, I did not know of your prohibition; another time I will conform myself to it.' 'Une autre fois! une autre fois! Que-que-que venez-vous faire ici?' 'You see, sir, for what; I come here to study Gluck's scores.' 'Et qu'est-ce que, qu'est ce que-que-que vous regardent les partitions de Gluck? et qui vous permet de venir à-à-à la bibliothèque?' 'Sir' (I began to lose my sang-froid), 'Gluck's scores are the most beautiful I know of in dramatic music, and I have no need of anybody's leave to come and study here. The library of the Conservatoire is open to the public from ten o'clock till three. I have the right to make use of it.' 'Le-le-le-le droit?' 'Yes sir.' 'Ze vous défends d'y revenir, moi!' 'I shall return to it nevertheless.' 'Co-comme—comment—comment vous appelez-vous?' cried he trembling with rage; and I, in my turn, turning pale, 'Sir, perhaps my name will be known to you some of these days, but as for to-day. . . you shan't know it!' 'Arrête, a-a-arrête-le Hotin' (the servant was so-called), que-que-que ze le fasse zeter en prison!' The two of them thereupon proceeded, to the great consternation of the assistants, to pursue me round the table, upsetting stools and desks, without, however, being able to reach me, and I finished by taking to flight in my race, while shouting out these words, with a burst of laughter, to my persecutor? 'You shall neither have me nor my name, and I will soon return here to study again Gluck's scores.' That is how my first interview passed with Cherubini."

On another occasion, Berlioz endeavors to place Cherubini's conduct at the Institute in an unfavorable light by insinuating that he was open to bribes, and sold his votes for a consideration. A long tale he tells as to some grotesque proceedings on an occasion when he entered the "concours" or competition for the annual prize, rests upon the statement of Pingard, the porter of the Institution. This person, according to Berlioz's statement, repeated with accuracy a long technical discussion which had taken place among the members as to the merits of a piece that Berlioz had sent. The whole tale is ridiculous, and we agree with Mr. Bellasis, that but little credence should be attached to it. Berlioz pretends to be profoundly indifferent as to "whether the painters, sculptors, engravers of medals, and engravers on copper-plates declared him a good or bad musician." He had the bad taste to ridicule on all occasions Cherubini's Italianized French. Berlioz went to Rome to study in 1830, and two years afterwards he returned to Paris, and applied for a vacant place as professor of harmony at the Conservatoire. He thought that Cherubini was in his dotage and about to die, but was soon undeceived, and the coveted appointment was bestowed on another. We strongly suspect that the loss of this was the real

cause of the spitefulness with which Berlioz has attacked Cherubini in his Memoirs, and pretended that the old musician was jealous of him. We must refer to Mr. Bellasis's book for many other passages between Cherubini and Berlioz.

It was about 1827 that Baillot, the distinguished violinist, commenced his famous quartet parties, and Cherubini's quartet in E flat, composed some years before, was one of the first works brought forward. Mr. Bellasis gives the name of Mendelssohn as one of the performers, stating that "he took to it immensely, playing the tenor part in it." Cherubini now turned the symphony, composed for the Philharmonic Society, into a quartet, writing a new adagio, and altering the key to C. These two quartets, together with a third in D minor, were published and dedicated to Baillot in 1835. Three written after this period still remain in manuscript.

Speaking of Cherubini's six quartets, Fétis observes: "These compositions are of a very high order; Cherubini has here a style of his own, as in all his works; he imitates neither the manner of Haydn, nor that of Mozart, nor that of Beethoven." Schumann remarks: "Now comes Cherubini, an artist who has grown gray in the highest aristocracy of art; as even now, at his advanced age, the greatest contrapuntist of the day—the refined, learned, and interesting Italian, whom I often feel tempted to compare with Dante for his stern reserve and force of character."

On the other hand, Mr. G. A. Macfarren has expressed an unfavorable opinion of these quartets, and considers that "they prove the author's entire want of feeling for the style, and aptitude for the form of instrumental chamber music." The quartet in E flat was played in London at one of the Monday Popular Concerts in January, 1869, and M. Sainton deserves credit for bringing some of the others to a hearing.

The King's Chapel was abolished during the revolution that broke out in July 1830; Cherubini of course lost his post there, and after this date he wrote but little. A joint stock opera, "La Marquise de Brinvilliers," in which he took part, is only remarkable for the fact, that despite the talent engaged in writing this work, it signally failed. Even the genius of Cherubini, Auber, Hérold, Paër, Boieldieu, Carafa, Blaquini, Berton, and Batton, could not make a pasticcio popular. It may be that the large number of cooks employed was sure to spoil the *potage*, but jointly written works rarely succeed. Cherubini's last opera, "Ali Baba," was produced in 1833. Some of the music in this was originally written many years before to a Russian subject, but the work was never performed. At the suggestion of Auber, Scribe and Milesville wrote a libretto from the tale in the Arabian Nights, and Cherubini then set to work with vigor. The old master appears to have had considerable misgivings as to the success of the opera, and never went once to see it performed. Arnold says that hundreds of people were driven away by the big drum and cymbals, which drowned all the beauties of the piece. What would these purists have said to the modern scores of Wagner? Berlioz severely criticizes it in his Memoirs, in his customary insolent mode; but Fétis, who also heard it, assures us that it is full of beauty; while a writer in the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* says that "all competent judges were lost in astonishment at the fact of a composer, whose first works bore the date of 1771, being able, sixty years later, to produce another of such extraordinary freshness and such glowing fancy." M. de Boique calls it "a fossilized opera," and states that the public yawned under Ali Baba's very nose; he says that Cherubini ascribed its failure to the miserable chorus at the opera house. Lafage considers that "it is full of grace and freshness, choruses above all praise, instrumental details new and ingenious, and showing everywhere a verve of talent which is rarely found in youth." Mendelssohn writes from Dusseldorf, "I have just looked through 'Ali Baba,' and though I was quite enchanted with many parts of it, still I cannot but deeply lament that Cherubini so often adopts that new Parisian fashion, as if the instruments were nothing, and the effect everything, flinging about three or four trombones, as if it were the audience who had skins of parchment, instead of the drums." Probably Mendelssohn was here condemning Rossini and Berlioz quite as much as Cherubini.

In 1835 appeared his well-known *Treatise on Counterpoint and Fugue*, the letterpress being written by his old pupil Halévy. The following year saw the last great work the old musician wrote, viz., the second Requiem in D minor for three male voices.

Handel wrote his last oratorio, "Jephtha," when sixty-six years old, and Haydn his "Seasons" when he was sixty-eight, but the production of such a work as this, from a man of seventy-six years of age, is without a parallel in the history of musical art. The work was given entire at one of the Conservatoire concerts in March 1838. It was first performed in England in 1872, and also at the Requiem for Mr. Hope Scott in 1873; on both occasions at the Roman Catholic Church in Farm Street, London. For a careful illustrated analysis and criticism on this work, we must refer to Mr. Bellasis's book. Mendelssohn seems to have been anxious to get the Requiem executed at the Lower Rhine Musical Festival in 1838. According to the testimony of critics, the work is a masterpiece; the tone is broad, and soaring heavenwards, the aged musician's manliness of style and freshness of creation did not abandon him even when so near his end.

Berlioz once more appears in Mr. Bellasis's pages as the accuser of Cherubini and Halévy on account of a trick they are stated to have played him, prompted by jealousy, at a performance ordered by the Minister of the Interior of Berlioz's Requiem instead of Cherubini's. According to this tale, Habeneck the conductor, instigated by Cherubini, laid down his bâton in the middle of one of the pieces, and leisurely helped himself to a pinch of snuff, when Berlioz (who was sitting behind him) rushed forward and saved the movement by making the time with his arm. Berlioz does not produce a shred of evidence as to Cherubini or his friends having attempted such a despicable manoeuvre; as Mr. Bellasis shows, he is so continually wrong as to his dates, so blind to his own incapacity, and so ridiculously vain, that the critical reader can nowhere depend on his random statements.

A quintet in E minor, finished in October 1837, was the song of the dying swan; after writing this he retired to his home, only attending occasionally to some necessary duties at the Conservatoire. Moscheles had an hour's talk with him in 1839, and he told him that he could not write another note. This was hardly correct, for towards the close of 1841, Ingres painted his portrait, and the old composer sent the artist with his thanks a beautiful little canon, set to words of his own. The picture, of which Mr. Bellasis gives a capital engraving, is said to be a striking one; it was bought by the king, and is now in the Luxembourg gallery. But the end was near:—

On the third of February, 1842, Cherubini tendered his resignation as director of the Conservatoire. It was accepted, and Louis Philippe, bent on bestowing a signal mark of his appreciation of such lengthened services in the cause of music, for the first time made a musician Commander of the Legion of Honor. On the 12th March, Cherubini grew weaker. On the 15th, surrounded by his wife, son, and daughter, Halévy, Batton, and other intimate friends, and whilst muttering some words which were unintelligible to those about him, he expired, in the eighty-second year of his age. As Cherubini was a Commander of the Legion of Honor, the funeral took place with much solemnity and with military honors. The procession, joined by no less than three thousand persons, started from the gates of the Conservatoire, and passing along the Boulevards, amidst the grand strains of Cherubini's own funeral march for General Hoche, directed its solemn course to the church of St. Roch. Here Cherubini's second Requiem was performed, by his own dying wish.

A writer in the *Athenæum* noticed "the thrilling effect of this Requiem executed at the composer's own obsequies:—"

When the ceremonial was over, the cortège proceeded to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Here M. Raoul Rochette, in the name of the Institute, of which Cherubini was a member, Lafont the younger, Halévy, and another from the Conservatoire, representing Cherubini's friends, said successively a few touching words over the deceased.

A handsome sepulchral monument, with a bas-relief of the head of the Florentine master by Dumont, was erected by public subscription at Père la Chaise. The last Requiem Mass of the deceased was also sung for him at the church of St. Gaetan, Florence, and his old fellow-citizens erected a bronze statue to his memory. In the year 1869 a grand monument by Fantacchiotti was placed in the church of Santa Croce, Florence; subscriptions for this memorial came from all parts of the civilized world, and reached a large sum. Mr. Bellasis reprints a description of the monument by Gamucci; it is a pity that he did not present his readers with an engraving of it.

One of the most valuable features of Mr. Bellasis's book is a singularly complete, descriptive chronological catalogue of Cherubini's works, occupying thirty pages. This has been compiled entirely from a catalogue of the musician's compositions in his own writing. The fecundity of Cherubini is amazing; 430 works or sets of works are catalogued here, 316 of which may be classed as secular, and 114 as belonging to his sacred music. Out of all these works, only about 80 have been published. The book—which is admirably got up—concludes with a copious index.

While we willingly admit that Mr. Bellasis has rendered a service to musical art in bringing together the *disjecta membra* respecting Cherubini's career, which, as he tells us, "lie scattered in various pamphlets, periodicals, and dictionaries," and give him all due credit for his industry, we must point out that his work would have been still more valuable, had it all—or nearly all—been written in English. Moreover, letters illustrate the man, and the almost total absence of these deprives the readers of one of the best means of becoming intimately acquainted with Cherubini as he was. His domestic life is touched on in the very briefest way; surely it is possible to obtain some few particulars of his home life! However, in a subsequent edition these defects can easily be corrected. Mr. Bellasis has been an industrious compiler, and his "Memorials of Cherubini" is a welcome addition to our store of musical biography. Many of the great master's works still await a hearing; the book will not have been written in vain if the attention of musicians is drawn to this neglect.

Male Part-Song Clubs.

[The following article, which we find in the *Philadelphia Illustrated News* (Feb. 8), contains some very just thoughts, admirably well expressed, which we commend (particularly the latter portion) to the consideration of our young men who allow their musical enthusiasm to be drawn off into one narrow channel and by no means a deep one.]

The Musical Fund Hall was crowded on Saturday night to hear the second concert of the third season of the Orpheus Club. This association numbers about thirty voices, and singing as they generally do, without accompaniment, excellent judgment was displayed in retaining the Musical Fund Hall, the most delightful music-room in our city, it not in the world, its acoustic properties being not only unrivalled but unapproached. A small chorus, and that of male voices, thereby suffering in vibratory resonance, could not be heard to such advantage anywhere else. Not that such adventitious aid was required; by no means. The voices were collectively and individually good, and their singing, in the qualities of emission, intonation, time, expression and enunciation, displayed the admirable training which they have received at the hands of their talented conductor, Mr. Michael H. Cross, one of the most accomplished professors of our city. If we might take exception in a fastidious disposition, it might be to complain of the too frequent resort to the sensational *sotto voce*, which could only be designated on paper by that congregation of *p's* which the critics have so amused themselves with in Rossini's later scores. The objection to it lies in the destruction of a pure tone of the voice, and that it frequently tends to a disturbance of time and pitch. Considering the great scarcity of tenor voices in America, we found the parts fairly balanced, and in view of the compass required in Spofforth's "Come, Bounteous May," special commendation is due to this part. Most of the compositions on the programme were of a light, we might almost say trifling character. The best were Mendelssohn's "Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay," Sullivan's "The Long Day Closes," Spofforth's "Come, Bounteous May," Hatton's "Village Blacksmith" and Calcott's "Are the White Hours Forever Fled?" To the credit of the Club, be it said, the most meritorious compositions were better sung, while the inferior ones were more applauded. Humming accompaniments and "Bum, Bum," sung in short, detached notes, in fact all this family of attempted effects, are unworthy such a fine body of musicians, and we put it mildly when we ask if this is *vocal* music. It may serve to create enthusiasm with the groundlings, and high classical music may be "caviare to the general," but is there not a middle ground to which we should aspire to lead the general public? Think of it, gentlemen.

It is the fashion just now—quite the proper thing—to sit in full dress, reading the words to be sung

in a libretto, printed on fine tinted paper, and to listen with gravest attention to part-songs and choruses sung by male voices. Societies and clubs are formed in all our leading cities, and the *beau monde*, anxious to lend a helping hand to feeble art, puts on its violet-colored gloves and white neck-tie, and rushes pell-mell into crowded halls to the evident danger and disturbance of *la grande tenue* for the purpose of hearing—what? The English for many long years have been persuaded that art has received a special development in their Glee, and you may find on the shelves of London music-sellers any quantity, variety and degree of excellence or worthlessness, of this class of composition; for so popular has it been that even four-part arrangements of simple songs are demanded. The Glee, like roast beef, is a national institution, and the English in their conservatism seldom repudiate old favorites; yet we have seen the choicest Glee Clubs in London wasting their sweets and singing to empty benches in St. George's Hall. Why was this? Perhaps because in these latter days the public had enjoyed the perfect fulfilment of choral singing in Albert Hall and Crystal Palace, where hundreds, nay thousands, men and women, joined their voices in giving interpretation to the grand thoughts of great masters in noble works of strength and length, wherein an idea was elaborated, a living principle enunciated, or sacred and historical scenes painted in tone colors, whose breadth and depth, light and shade, demand all the resources of art, vocal and instrumental. The Glee may find its home in private gatherings or at convivial meetings, but must per force retire from public concert halls in the presence of the "Messiah" or "Creation," sung by English bumpkins in smock-frocks and blooming milk-maids in homespun skirts. The mighty genius of composition asserts its rights, and the lesser must give way to the greater.

We may be reminded that a nation so refined and cultivated, so æsthetic and artistic, as the people of Germany are, has fostered and encouraged the male chorus, even to its production in the world renowned *Gesangvereine* concerts in the classic city of Leipzig. We would not do our American societies the injustice of even a comparison. Their superiority in voice, delivery, intonation and expression is so evident and conspicuous that were they to be heard in Leipzig, or Berlin, we are sure that no German Association could find listeners at a public concert from that time forth. But let us be just to the German *Sängervereine*. Their singing in concert forms the exception rather than the rule. If the secret of social enjoyment has been imparted to any of the people on earth, it must be in the possession of the Germans. They do not ask for point-lace and diamonds, violet kid gloves and crucial swallow-tails, perfumed librettos and tinted paper, to assist them to take part in the open-air songs of Mendelssohn, or the student and drinking songs of their thousand and one writers of lighter compositions. This was far from the idea of old Zelter, the friend of Goethe and master of young Mendelssohn. Zelter was come from the people; he had worked with his own hands as a journeyman mason; his sympathies were large for humanity, as was his love for music. About the beginning of this century—not to imply that such songs were not composed and sung at an earlier date—Zelter and his friend Fleming founded at Berlin a congregation of staid, elderly men, who met once a month to sit down to a good supper, and diversify the pleasures of the table by singing four-part songs, principally composed by themselves. It was an original statute that no one was eligible as a member who was not a composer, a poet or a singer. During his life time Zelter was their President and principal composer, and in no branch of art, perhaps, did his peculiar talent evidence itself so brightly as in these convivial effusions, where humor, raciness, a masterly employment of the limited materials at his disposal, and a fine sense of the poetry he took in hand distinguished him among his contemporaries. Goethe used to give his songs to be composed by Zelter. A younger generation of music-lovers founded a young *Liedertafel* society on the same principle. Berger, Klein, Forster, Hofmann, and other kindred spirits were members. In general, a gayer and more spirited tone pervaded this younger society than belonged to their classical seniors. It was the practice of both bodies to invite guests on holiday occasions; and by the younger part-singers ladies were admitted twice a year. Nothing could be sprightlier or pleasanter—a little extra noise allowed for—than these latter meetings. But observe there is no attempt at style in the entertainment, no artistic finish aimed at; enjoyment is

bound-ed, They de - clare He is God, they re - sound His end - less fame: They de -

bound-ed, They de - clare He is God, they re - sound His end - less fame: They de -

clare He is God, they re - sound His end - less fame:

clare He is God, they re - sound His end - less fame: They de - clare He is

They de - clare He is God, they de - clare He is

God, they de - clare, de - clare He is

God, they de - clare He is God... they de -

God, they de - clare He is God, they de - clare, de -

clare He is God; de - clare He is

clare He is God; de - clare He is

God,..... they de - clare, de - clare He is God!

God,..... they de - clare, de - clare He is God!

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sought in song and glass, wit and humor reign supreme, dull care is at a discount, hilarity at a premium, and a feeling pervades the company which we cannot describe, because English-speaking people have neither it nor any word to know it by.

We are not unimpressed that musical journals have been printed in Germany specially devoted to the interests of the male chorus, and that even royalty, in the person of the blind ex-King of Hanover, has deigned to compose some specimens; nevertheless, as a rule they are regarded as an amusement of the table, and it is never expected that they shall receive that artistic treatment which is bestowed upon them by our American societies. A witty gentleman has said that it is making statuettes out of cherry stones! We do not wish to be complaining; however, we cannot but ask if these singing clubs are advancing the interests of that art which they love so well and could illustrate so admirably. An ephemeral caprice has brought upon them the smiles of popular favor, "a breath can unmake them, as a breath has made," and even already there are faint signs of its decline.

Looking at the male chorus from a musical standpoint, it will be found to be far from satisfactory. We now refer to its special study and exclusive occupancy of a public programme, and, parenthetically, beg to state that no individual club is referred to, but that our remarks apply to all those Unions, Societies or *Vereins* which devote themselves specially and exclusively to its cultivation. Again, a male chorus, by apposition in an opera or oratorio, serves as a grand element of contrast; but then the dramatic situation must demand it, and the illustration enhances the general effect. A chorus composed of men's voices throughout an entire opera, even if relieved by solo voices, is dull and heavy; but a whole concert sung by them becomes fearfully trying to musical ears by the monotony and want of relief from different timbres. Some Masses have been composed for men's voices, and we have listened to them in Catholic countries with great satisfaction, but there was relief afforded by the accompaniment of organ or orchestra; and even occasionally short cantatas have been written thus, but this is as far as the exclusive application of the male register has gone. Thus the repertoire of a male choral society is of necessity made up of short pieces without elaboration or special idea. Still again, the natural compass of men's voices makes it incumbent upon the composer to keep within certain limits, so as to escape a scream from the tenors or a growl from the basses—which they do not always do, by the way—and thus the intermediate parts frequently cross each other to the propagation of confusion and indistinctness. Some German composers who insist upon writing for four voices sometimes mix up even the extreme parts, but this fault is rare; still it does and may occur.

What is wanted in this and other American cities is the formation and support of large choral bodies, where, by the combination of male and female voices, great works may be studied and produced. The young men in these clubs are the very flower of the musical element in our society, the very bone and sinew of artistic effort. Upon them rests the responsibility of the day and hour. What are they doing? Are they not wasting precious talents and glorious opportunities? If report speaks truly, in our different cities the last and present year-reveal to us the decay of a number of mixed-chorus societies, and may we not naturally look to the absorption of their young men in these male clubs as a principal if not the only cause? We believe so.

Perhaps we are a musical people. Perhaps not. At least we have no conservatoire on the whole continent; neither have we any established opera. Companies are formed on speculation; if they succeed they go on; if they do not they are disbanded; an impresario buys a *prima donna* as he would a blooded horse, and speculates in tenors as he would in pork or bonanzas; "academies of music" are run as shops where Mr. Merryman and his sawdust are as welcome as the scores of Wagner and Verdi. Richard, Thomas and Henry seize the baton and stand at the head of the orchestra, having been duly prepared for their work by graduation in a country church choir; beardless boys learn to play a psalm-tune and become organists; young gentlemen take a quarter's lessons in harmony, and compose operas and oratorios; some don't study at all and compose anthems which music publishers print; clergymen write services, or at least put their names to them; a strippling buys Moore's Encyclopædia of Music and sets up for a critic,

writing brilliant articles on methods, schools, phrasing and all that; bits of operas are reproduced in Kyries, Misereres and Te Deums, to the edification of the faithful; young enthusiasts in art sing "humming" and "boun, boun" choruses, and Cecilia is sacrificed by her own worshippers at her own altars.

In sober earnest, the cultivation of a good taste in music rests with just such young men as compose the Männerchor of the present day, and if they can be persuaded to make well-directed efforts to a proper end, all the irregularities and enormities which we have hinted at will disappear, and civilization will take up that march of which we have heard so much and seen so little.

A Viennese Critic on Herr and Mad.

Joachim.

Everything that Dr. Ambros writes is fresh and full of interest. The London *Musical World* translates the following from a Vienna paper.

When we pronounce the name of Joseph Joachim, everyone knows that we have designated the artist who occupies, pretty well without opposition, the first position among the violinists of the present day. He introduced himself on this occasion at the Society's concert with his "Ungarisches Concert," a composition grandiose in its peculiarity, and one which it would be difficult to find another artist to play like him. Schumann's "Fantasia," which followed it, was, however, not a happy selection. It looms before us gray, gloomy and absolutely ghost-like—not even the execution of a Joachim can lend animation to the traces of melancholy sorrow and of mental weariness characterizing this production which Schumann composed shortly before the tragic end of his productivity and of his life. But what shall I say of the concert got up by the Master, in conjunction with his wife, Amalie Joachim? We can hardly recollect a purer and a higher artistic treat than that then offered us. It will long shine in our memory. Joachim first played with Brahms the E major Sonata, one of the six composed by Bach, between 1718 and 1722, when he was *Capellmeister* at Anhalt-Köthen. "The violin part requires a master," says Forkel, in his Biography of Bach. So it does—and the pianoforte part also. These Sonatas are no dainties for "little ladies with a sweet tooth"—"Süsseindämchen"—as Griepenkerl says somewhere or other—they are music for men, powerful and strong as iron. Tartini's productions are of gentler stuff; the way in which Joachim played one of this composer's Sonatas carried every one away, but then it is scarcely possible to hear aught more perfect in tone, expression, and style. These works were followed by a "Sarabande," and a "Tambourin" of Leclair's. It would be, perhaps, advisable, with these numbers, for it briefly to be stated in the programme to the public, who probably imagine that Leclair is quite a new Parisian composer, where they are to look for him, for they are not sufficiently versed in musical history to be aware that there was even one Leclair, far less three: Antoine Leclair, the father, and the sons, Jean Marie, and Antoine Rémi. We have here to do with Jean Marie, the violinist, and composer of many brilliant violin pieces, as well as of an opera, *Glaucus et Scylla*. He was born, in 1697, at Lyons, and murdered in Paris, on the 22nd October, 1764, it never having been discovered by whose hand he fell. The two charming pieces, played by Joachim in a manner simply incomparable, have all the character of the Rameau period, the value of which is beginning only now to be once more appreciated. At this period, the name of "Tambourin" was employed to designate certain pieces of ballet and other music, such as we find in *Dardanus*, by Rameau, and elsewhere. Leclair's piece combines with this the old French rondo form—a constantly recurring theme with free episodes. As played by Joachim, it sounded like the jubilation and the tumult of a folk's festival—a couple of young girls stealing, now and then, out of the festive throng, to whisper in each other's ear all kind of jokes and saucy notions. A Romance full of sweet melody, and composed by Joachim himself, was enacted by Brahms and Joachim with the "Hungarian Dances;" it seemed as though the God Apollo had visited the Gipsies—and the public were set all aglow by the fire of the performance. The whole wound up with Beethoven's Stringed Quartet in C major, which raised the enthusiasm of the public to the highest pitch. During the Introduction, which is so ticklish an ordeal for the performers, and which progresses veiled, as it were, in clouds, the audience scarcely ventured

to breathe. The stormy fugged Finale was nothing less than a blaze of fire, and never have we heard the unrivalled A minor Andante, to say the least, more beautifully performed. But then Herr Joachim had fellow-executants worthy of himself; the tenor sounded truly magnificent in the hands of Herr Hellmesberger, and we beg Herr Röver, the violoncellist, to receive our especial compliment for his *Pizzicati* in the Andante; they were clear as a bell. We felt especially pleased to find that the second violin, Herr Hellmesberger, junr., held his ground so well in the dangerous vicinity of the first violin. Let the reader, for instance, call to mind the passage in the Finale where the four parts wander, one after another, with the extended Fugue-Theme, like indignant spirits through the wide realms of space. The *violino secondo* follows immediately the *violino primo*; then comes the angry *viola*, and, last of all, the violoncello. There was but one tone and one tint in all four instruments.

Mad. Amalie Joachim first sang Schubert's "Zuleika"—one of the most beautiful and least known of his compositions—then Schumann's "Lust der Sturmnacht" (repeated), and, lastly, three delicious songs by Brahms: "Ewige Liebe," "Auf dem See," and "Sandmännchen." At the last, a charming cradle-song, which Mad Joachim rendered with entrancing *mezza voce*, the audience became, so to speak, perfectly wild; every stanza was applauded. I am not sure whether I ought to award the palm for execution to this song or to "Zuleika." What a singer of songs! At the Gesellschafts concert, Mad. Joachim took the contralto solo in Bach's Whitsuntide cantata, "O ewiges Feuer," and in the "Rhapsodie" (on Goethe's "Harz-Reise im Winter") by Brahms—both pieces, as far as intonation is concerned, absolutely bristling with difficulties for the vocalist. May Brahms always find a lady who, for instance, can take the downward seventh with which he illustrates the word "Oede" as surely as Mad. Joachim. The composition, I am not ashamed to confess, moved me deeply. The words, "Ist auf deinen Psalter," for example, are a prayer from the bottom of the heart—no everyday *preghiera*, but something full of love and the purest feeling in every tone. Wonderfully does the woman's voice here float over the deeper sounds of the tenors and basses of the chorus. He who produced a composition like this can be tranquil as to what his contemporaries and posterity will say of him.

A. W. AMBROS.

"The Messiah" and Madame Patey in Paris.

(From the "London Daily Telegraph.")

It is a somewhat surprising circumstance that Handel's *Messiah* has been received here with wonderful favor, and that an English singer has made a great success. Strange as this double fact may be, it is nevertheless true. There seems a very good chance of oratorio being popularized in France. A certain M. Charles Lamoureux seems determined to give a fair trial to the masterpieces which have delighted England for more than a century. He has taken the summer circus in the Champs Elysées, and has fitted it up with a gigantic orchestra and a sufficiently capable organ, and once every week he invites his countrymen to listen to a composer whom they have hitherto only known by name. He not only "calls up spirits from the vasty deep" of Parisian opera bouffe, but, *mirabile dictu*, "they do come when they are called." I referred some time ago to the original criticisms, evincing the deepest interest in the subject, which welcomed the production of *Judas Maccabæus*. M. Lamoureux has followed up the warlike drama with the far more didactic *Messiah*; and this also has not only been listened to with respect, but applauded with enthusiasm. On the first night Madame MacMahon led the applause; but at the second performance the work was submitted to a far severer test. It was held in the afternoon; and to say sooth, a more depressing sight can scarcely be imagined than that presented by the Champs Elysées on the dark and stormy day in question. The wind blew in gusts strong enough to carry a woman in full sail off her feet, and the rain lay in pools half a foot deep on the morass-like walks of the Elysian fields. Moreover, it was not possible for the visitors to approach the entrance except by walking, the door abutting on the road being cleverly closed to the general public. Nor was the interior of the edifice particularly in harmony with the work to be performed; for the shape of the building, to say nothing of the decorations, recalls scenes in the circus, half of which latter is taken up by the reserve seats. The Cirque was

not full, the weather having doubtless kept many music lovers at home; but the audience made up in demonstrations of general approval for what they lacked in number. To an English ear the French words sound at first strangely unfitted to the character of the music; but I am bound to say that Victor Wilder has well performed his most difficult task. The orchestra and chorus numbered in all three hundred executants; and though the voices lacked the volume of tone to which we are accustomed in England, the choruses were, without exception, remarkably well sung, and they produced an unquestionably powerful impression. What struck me most forcibly was the admirable success with which the conductor, M. Lamoureux, preserved all the *tempi* consecrated by English tradition. There was none of the hurrying of time which I had expected to hear, nor any unnecessary *rallentandos*, for the production of any extravagant effects. If the conductor had passed his life in Exeter Hall, he could not have respected more religiously the intentions of the composer. Some of the soloists "left to be desired," to use a French idiom; but in this respect, again, the audience showed as much appreciation as power of admiration, for they left many of the solos unnoticed, and heaped all their applause on the performance of Madame Patey. This lady has performed a feat which is worthy to be registered among the *tours de force* of the singing profession. She is not, as I understand, a French scholar; but she pronounced the words with a distinctness which made every syllable tell, and with a purity that left no room for criticism. All the Frenchmen present with whom I happened to speak were unanimous in their praise, and the critics write as though they had first discovered the fine quality of the singer's voice. Contraltos, it must be remembered, are exceedingly rare in France; and Madame Patey's welcome on that account is even warmer than it would have been in any English town in which her capabilities were unknown.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 20, 1875.

Concert Review.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The seventh Symphony Concert (Friday, Feb. 5) had a somewhat larger audience than usual, the day being fair for once, to listen to the following list of purely instrumental classical compositions:

Fourth Symphony, in D minor, Op. 120.....Schumann.
Introduction and Allegro.—Romanza.—
Scherzo.—Finale.

* Organ *Passacaglia*, in C minor.....J. S. Bach.
John K. Paine.

Concert Overture, in A, Op. 7.....Rietz.

* Piano-forte Concerto in F-sharp minor, Op. 69. Ferdinand Hiller

Moderato ma con energia e con fuoco.—Andante
espressivo.—Allegro con fuoco.
B. J. Lang.

Overture to "Oberon,".....Weber.

Apparently this concert was more commonly enjoyed than almost any other of the season. The orchestra were in good condition and actually played the fairly, knightly Overture by Weber in a manner worthy of the marvellously well trained force with which the general challenger has favored Boston latterly above all the cities of his extensive circuit. The same might be said of the rendering of that very fine Concert-Overture by Rietz, which it was found advisable to substitute for the Overture by Norbert Burgmüller after a trial of the latter in rehearsal, the more familiar work being at the same time the richer and the fresher of the two. And the same also may be said of the performance of the greater part, though not the whole, of that most delicate and subtle of the Symphonies by Schumann, which has such striking contrasts, yet such a pervading unity of spirit, with frequent reminder of the theme from which it springs. The chief fault we noticed in the rendering was in the Scherzo,—the latter half of the strong opening period, where each measure consists of a short note, lightly and pointedly touched, answered by a chord of twice its length; the notes sounded as if of equal length, and so all the piquancy of the passage was lost. The

tempo of the Finale, possibly, could have been taken a little less rapidly to advantage, but it was given with great spirit. The *Romanza* charmed as it always does.

The grand and wonderfully rich, suggestive *Passacaglia* by Bach had probably never been heard here on the Organ by anything like so large an audience, although Mr. PAINE used to play it before the handfuls of chance visitors who attended the Organ "noonings" a few years ago. Last year it was given in these concerts as transcribed for the Orchestra by Esser, when, if we remember rightly, it made quite a decided impression very generally, and we saw nothing in the newspapers about its being too deep or too learned for the average audience. The Great Organ employs many times more instruments,—i.e. sounds at one time many times more notes,—than the largest orchestra we ever listen to, having thus the advantage of great power and fullness,—a certain oceanic depth and breadth of tone-waves, so to speak; while on the other hand the orchestra imparts a more marked individuality of accent, making the entrance of the parts, as well as the whole outline, more distinct. Moreover, the full organ (with but slight contrasts of registration) is used so continually, according to the traditional practice, that to modern ears there is a certain surfeiting monotony of richness. It would be strange therefore if there were not some listeners who were honestly glad when the thing was over. But there were also many present who heard it with profound interest and satisfaction,—and that notwithstanding the fact that the Organ, after the long occupation of the Hall by the "hen opera," was by no means in perfect tune; in the lively pedal passages one almost looked to see "the feathers fly" from those great pipes! Mr. Paine, of course, played it in a masterly manner, doing honor to Bach, to the occasion and himself.

It remains to speak of the Concerto by Hiller, which was once played here in a Thomas matinée by Miss Mehlig, without producing any marked impression that we can remember. This time, in the remarkably clear and finished rendering by Mr. LANG, it really engrossed the pleased attention of the audience throughout. It is by no means a great work, nor characterized by any fine original imaginative power; not for a moment to be compared with the Schumann Concerto for instance, or with either of the two by Mendelssohn,—to say nothing of Beethoven. And yet, if we must have novelty, it would be hard to find another recent work in this form so enjoyable, so worthy to come after the inspired creators. It is free from the extravagance, the attempts to carry the kingdom of heaven by storm, of the latest concertos, by Raff, &c. It has fire and passion, and brilliant effectiveness, with consistent unity of thought, in the first movement; delicacy of sentiment, tenderness and grace in the melodious *Andante*, such as commend themselves to the general ear, although it must be owned the musical ideas are commonplace; the bright, piquant *Finale* seemed to us the best part, resembling as it does some of Chopin's brilliant Rondo movements. The work was very finely brought out, both by orchestra and solo artist, and we felt that as a whole it made a very favorable impression.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The Concert given to the Associate Members, on Saturday evening, Feb. 6, was a highly enjoyable occasion, and attended by a large and sympathetic audience. Instead of one long Oratorio, it offered a well chosen variety of good things,—several of which were welcome echoes, or after-vibrations, of the last triennial festival. The first of these was Mr. Dudley Buck's Forty-sixth Psalm: "God is our refuge," which again proved quite acceptable by its clear, free, easy

flow of melody and harmony, its mastery of form, its judicious contrasts of expression, and a pervading good sense, rare enough in the ambitious compositions of these days, although we cannot credit it with any spark of genius; but genius is an exceedingly rare visitor, and when it does come it will let us know. Miss ABIE WHINERY exhibited her usual refinement and true feeling in the soprano solos, though not all her power or certainty of voice, being evidently a little nervous and constrained. Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON is the same sweet-toned, true and even tender singer as of old; one to be thoroughly relied on, though he has not yet learned to articulate the words distinctly. Mr. J. F. WINCH made the most of the strong and telling bass solo: "The heathen raged," etc.; this, and the Double Quartet, were the chief triumphs in the performance.

Next came the Mendelssohn Motet: "Hear my prayer," in which the chorus detonated the short responses in the strong first portion with a loudness that seemed rather out of proportion to the solo voice; while Mrs. HOUSTON WEST surprised us by the rejuvenated freshness of her soprano tones, besides singing with all her usual fervor and expression. "O for the wings of a dove," solo and subdued chorus, went beautifully. The one novelty of the programme was the fine florid soprano Aria from Handel's *Josiah*: "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre, or Miriam's tuneful voice," which Miss Whinery executed to a charm, with perfect purity of phrasing, perfect evenness and finish in the sustained and difficult roulades, while in its spontaneous joyfulness and gratefulness the song seemed to spring from her own heart. She was obliged to repeat it, and no one felt disposed to quarrel with the encore. Gounod's "Nazareth" was superbly sung by Mr. Winch with chorus; indeed he rivals Santley in his broad, even and sustained delivery of this simple but majestic Christmas ballad; with the swelling choral harmonies, together with orchestra and organ, the climax at the end was really almost sublime.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," entire, formed the second part of the concert. The three symphonic movements were fairly rendered by the orchestra, and of course are always enjoyable, and the choruses were given, almost without exception, with precision, light and shade, and grand effect. Mrs. West has seldom, if ever, appeared to more advantage in the soprano portions; her delivery of the prophetic sentence: "The night is departing," revived the old thrill of that first time when she gave it with such startling splendor at that memorable concert in honor of President Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation (Jan. 1, 1863). The Duet: "I waited for the Lord" was very beautifully sung by Mrs. West and Miss Whinery, both entering fully into the spirit of the music. And Mr. Simpson's voice, style and intelligence went far toward doing full justice to the dramatic tenor solos (in the "Watchman" scene, etc.). Mr. ZERRAHN conducted with his usual firm control; and Mr. LANG drew from the great reservoir of organ tones, where needed, with judicious hand.

MR. PERABO'S second Matinée, on Tuesday, Feb. 9, offered:

Sonata in C minor, op. 56. Four movements.

a. Allegro moderato. b. Scherzo pastorale.

First time in Boston.

Sonata for Piano and Viola, op. 40. F minor.

Viola, Mr. Mullaly.

a. Allegro appassionato. b. Andante. c. Scherzo. Allegro non troppo. d. Allegro con fuoco.

Second time in Boston.

Sonata, op. 111. C minor.....Beethoven.

a. Maestoso. Allegro con brio ed appassionata.

b. Arietta. Adagio.

The two movements of the Sonata by Thalberg were characteristic enough of their composer,

and therefore not particularly Sonata-like. The Thalberg spirit in the Sonata form! Light and graceful, their beauty is entirely on the surface. For a curiosity they proved acceptable. The Rubinstein Sonata is certainly one of the most marked and striking chamber compositions we have heard by that impassioned, headstrong, bold composer. On second hearing it impresses us still more than before as having a great deal of beauty and of power in it, as well as much that sounds wild and wilful. The unusual combination of the Viola with the piano is an interesting one; the full-toned instrument had an important and a difficult part to perform, and performed it admirably in the hands of Mr. MULLALLY. Mr. Perabo seemed throughout in the best mood for playing and interpreted the subtleties as well as the strong, fire of Beethoven's last and immensely difficult Sonata, including all those marvellously fine rhythmical divisions in the variations of the *Arietta*, thoughtfully and clearly. It requires an artist to make such a work appreciable.

THE second Historical Concert of Messrs Osgood and Boscovitz will be at three o'clock next Friday (Feb. 26). The first programme brought us down to the great period of Bach and Handel, and to some of their immediate predecessors and contemporaries the second programme is devoted. The vocal selections will begin with a five-part chorus: "Blessed are they," &c., by Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672), the author of some famous Passion music, published in Leipzig a few years ago. Then Mr. Osgood will sing the *Volklieder* which his severe cold prevented the last time. Then follow two choruses by old Italians: *Miserere*, by Caldara, and *Regina Angelorum*, by Durante. Then a group of old Italian songs: 1, a love song: "O lasciate" (1718) by the older Scarlatti (Alessandro); 2, "Star vicino," by Salvator Rosa, who composed and sang as well as painted; 3, an *Arietta* by Carissimi. With these will be contrasted a curious group of German *Lieder*: 1, a melody from a glee by Hassler: "A pretty face has turned my head;" 2, that favorite choral of Seb. Bach: "Herzlich thut mich Verlangen," which is founded on the secular melody by Hassler; 3, a Shepherdess' Song (*Sicilienne*) by Graun, who wrote the Oratorio "Der Tod Jesu;" 4, "Cupido," by J. A. P. Schulz. These selections, it will be seen, are mostly confined to the smaller song productions of the time; we do not know how far it is the intention of Mr. Osgood to illustrate the Bach family, Handel, &c., by extracts from their larger choral works; perhaps the picture would be too large for the small frame of such chamber concerts.—The pianoforte portion of the programme includes: the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue by J. S. Bach; a Sonata by Méhul; a Chaconne, Air and Hornpipe by Handel; one of Domenico Scarlatti's numerous Sonatas (No. 32); and a *Concerto per il Cembalo*, by Philip Emanuel Bach, adapted for the piano by Mr. Boscovitz.

Those who heard the first concert (on that stormy day) are prepared for a great deal of pleasure and instruction in the second. They know what excellent means,—though within narrow limits necessarily—are brought to the audible illustration of these curious *échantillons* of antique song and music for keyed instruments.

In the first place Mr. Osgood's choir was choice and effective; he had brought together some twenty-five excellent voices, and trained them very carefully, so that they not only sang with accuracy, but with zeal. Then the historical notes upon the programme were very helpful to the listeners, and to many a critic the next day. Mr. Osgood's own voice was missed, but we shall have it next time. In the interpretation of the piano pieces Mr. Boscovitz, who played from memory and had made himself completely

master of each one of them, was all that could be desired.

It is impossible without much time and study, to state all the significance of that series of selections. The first vocal piece, a chorus: "Tu pauperum" (1480), by Joaquin de Près, the first composer of the old Netherlands, a century before Palestrina, whose music can be enjoyable to modern ears, was certainly a fresh, pure piece of harmony, quite as interesting as much of the sacred music of later old Italian and English masters. The Italian five-part Christmas Song (1580) by Orlando Lasso (the great contemporary, and in some sense peer of Palestrina) proved still more interesting; and a Chorus (1580) by Eccard, one of the founders of the solid German church music, justified his fame. A French Madrigal, "Bon jour ma mie" (1559), by Claude le Jeune,—somewhat earlier than the English madrigalists,—in five parts, full of canon and of contrapuntal imitation, sounded quaint enough and was enjoyable. But the gem of all the vocal specimens was a short antiphonal *Gloria* (1564) by Palestrina, which was inspiring and uplifting, as well as learned, solid and devout; of this a repetition was demanded; and one wondered, not for the first time, why, with all our cultivation of acquaintance with great masters, we have this important portion of our musical birth-right still withheld from us. The three specimens of the great Elizabethan period of English Madrigalists (1590 to 1600) were Dowland's "Now, oh now, I needs must part," and Morley's "April is my mistress' face," and "Thus saith my Galatea"; the latter two particularly fresh, buoyant and charming. Why cannot this school be more cultivated by our clubs of mixed voices? They need many voices on a part.

For the earlier instrumental pieces, two curious old instruments were furnished by the Messrs. Chickering. First, one of the queer little old harp-shaped spinets. (With a little alteration, we have heard it suggested, it might do duty in our orchestras as a harp played with keys). The thin and feeble tone, produced by quills upon a single wire, is nevertheless sweet. But in this case the keys made more noise than the wires; and we may well imagine that the Spinnet in its day sounded much better than any of the "preserved specimens" we have; for even our fine pianofortes, after they have been pounded on for forty years, sound almost as thin. Age does not mellow them as it does violins. For spinet music Mr. Boscovitz resorted to old English Wm. Byrd and famous Dr. John Bull,—more than a century before Bach. The Prelude and "The Carman's Whistle" of the former (1563) is melodious and skillful; the tune being just such as a plodding teamster, in a careless independent mood, might whistle; and so such a whistler, if musical, "variations" might spring up spontaneously, ("whistle themselves"). These variations are scholarly, mostly in the harmony, partly in the melody, and truly polyphonic; the contrapuntal art, to be sure, is rather out of proportion to the meagre ideal contents (*Inhalt*); and such is the case with about all such music before Bach. "The King's Hunting Jig" (1590), by Dr. Bull, was jolly enough, like a lean and wizened old courtier dancing.

On the harpsichord (which has two banks of keys, one operating through quills and one through hammers) he played a Suite by Lully (1633), in five old dance movements (Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Minuet and Gigue); not an uninteresting forerunner of the Suites of Bach and Handel, though so much emptier in contents. A Gavotte and Variations (1633) by Rameau, played on a Chickering Grand, was much enjoyed. Then came the first regular Sonata written for harpsichord (so there is reason to suppose), in 1695, by Kuhnau; it is in B flat, and consists of three short movements, a slow one between two quick ones. It does not amount to much, even in comparison with those of Scarlatti, not to speak of Emanuel Bach's, Haydn's and Mozart's more developed form, and those glorious imaginative creations of Beethoven; but it was an interesting link in the progressive chain. To the Sarabande, Gavotte, &c., from various Bach Suites, and his Italian Concerto, with which the concert closed, was an immense stride; for here consummate art and genial inspiration were combined. Mr. B's renderings throughout were admirable.

This week furnishes some concerts of rare interest; not only Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" at the Harvard Concert of Thursday; but the sixth and last Thomas Symphony concert, and again a Thomas Matinée this afternoon.

NEW YORK, FEB. 15. The programme of the third Philharmonic concert, on Saturday evening, Jan. 23, contained a range of selections wide enough to suit the most exacting lover of variety. The list was artistically arranged, Bach, Haydn and Mozart being grouped in the foreground, and Wagner, Rossini and Raff forming the second group in antithesis.

Haydn's Symphony in C-minor, set down in the programme as No. 9, headed the list. It consists of an *Allegro*, *Andante cantabile*, *Menuetto* and *Finale vivace*. It was well played throughout. The next orchestral selection was Bach's *Ciaccona*, in D minor, which, has been several times performed by the Thomas orchestra, and which was performed for the first time by the Philharmonic orchestra early in the season. It was repeated at the third concert by particular request. The large number of stringed instruments comprised in this orchestra gives a peculiar impressiveness to their performance of this noble work, which Raff has arranged with becoming reverence and surpassing skill. The music is infinitely grand from the first chord to the last; and its strange and wonderful beauty inspires a feeling of awe, akin to that awakened by those sphinx-like beings of "the coming race" in whose very calm and benignity consisted the secret of the dread which their countenances inspired. More than ever we realized the force of the saying to the effect that, were all the music in the world destroyed—swept from the face of the earth—save only that of Bach, from his works alone all that which was lost could be reconstructed. In this and in the preceding selection the orchestra did good work. Would that I could bestow the same praise upon their performance of the introduction to Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde;" but I am compelled to state, that having plunged into this sea of difficulties, they literally floundered through it without regard to time or tune. In the middle of the piece some of the horns fell behind a bar or two and failed to regain the lost ground, although they manfully kept up the chase, for the sake, I suppose, of being in at the death. The question naturally presents itself, why undertake to play this music? why not leave it to be performed by those who can play it. The last selection on the list was Raff's new Symphony in D minor, a second hearing of which confirmed the impressions given in a previous letter.

There was a vocalist, Mrs. Henry Butman, who sang the aria "Non mi dir" from *Don Giovanni*, and also Rossini's florid Cavatina "Bel Raggio."

Theodore Thomas's fourth Symphony concert came on Saturday evening, Feb. 6, and was preceded by the usual public rehearsal on Thursday afternoon. These rehearsals, so-called, are really matinees, and are in no way inferior to the evening concerts. They afford the opportunity of attending a Symphony concert to people who live out of town and who could not conveniently be present at an evening performance, while the musical part of the community attend the evening concert with increased interest and pleasure after hearing the same music at the matinée.

The first number on the list was Beethoven's fourth Symphony in B flat, erroneously printed in the programme as in B.

This symphony is not often played here. The interpretation of the work was perfection itself. The symphony was followed by a Concerto for two violins and orchestra by J. S. Bach, (first time); it consists of three movements.—1. Vivace. 2. Largo. 3. Allegro.—in the form of a duet for violins with an orchestral accompaniment. It was admirably played by Messrs. Jacobsohn and Arnold.

Thrown upon this severely classical background, in fine contrast, were three Hungarian Dances by Brahms with their rich coloring and free instrumentation, and following these came Raff's new pianoforte Concerto played by Mme. Madelaine Schiller whose fine poetic rendering was like an inspiration. She was twice recalled.

The last number of the programme was a new symphony by Heinrich Hoffman, a Hungarian composer, known in this city through his Hungarian Suite, which was produced by Mr. Thomas. The symphony is called "Frithiof" after the Icelandic Saga of that name; it is divided into four move-

ments. The music is descriptive in character and displays talent of the highest order. The composer has a wonderful command of the resources of an orchestra, and the work, at times, reminds us of Wagner, while it abounds in melodic phrases which resemble Raff. It is to be hoped that Mr. Thomas will give this symphony a permanent place in his repertory.

At the concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, on Saturday evening Feb. 13, Mr. Thomas gave Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor and Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony, also "Wotan's Abschied" and the "Feuerzauber" from the *Wal-küre*, with Mr. Remmertz for the vocal part.

A. A. C.

Madame Seiler's School of Vocal Art.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* contains the following welcome information:

A number of gentlemen and ladies of this city have recently organized a "School of Vocal Art," for the purpose of training for the profession of music, both as teachers and artists. Few persons are aware of the large number of Americans who are continually going abroad to the celebrated schools of vocal art in Europe, in quest of the higher education in music which these schools afford. In the Milan Conservatory alone there are, at the present time, not less than two hundred American pupils, and large numbers are to be found in other European cities. Meanwhile, European teachers and artists are establishing themselves in this country, and it only needs organized effort to provide for American pupils, at home, all that they have hitherto sought, at so much greater cost of time and effort, abroad.

In furtherance of this idea, a number of gentlemen and ladies have recently enabled Madame Emma Seiler, who has established an enviable reputation as a teacher and a writer upon vocal science, to open a "School of Vocal Art," at her residence, No. 350 South Fifteenth street. The gentlemen who have thus liberally testified their personal confidence in Madame Seiler's abilities as a teacher are among the best known of our citizens, and certainly deserve much praise for this effort to elevate the standard of vocal art by bringing the full advantages of Madame Seiler's large experience and unusual gifts as a highly educated mistress of all the mysteries of vocal science within the reach of those who are themselves seeking to become teachers and are not usually overburdened with this world's goods.

It cannot be doubted that a scientific acquaintance with the structure and action of the vocal organs, and the practical application of all real discoveries in acoustic and vocal physiology, are as essential to the formation of a good teacher of artist as the knowledge and utterance of the mere notes of music. And it is the purpose of Madame Seiler's school to impart this higher kind of musical training. How well her system of instruction has succeeded is shown by some of her private pupils who have already distinguished themselves before the public.

In carrying out this new and interesting educational project, Madame Seiler has associated with her Mr. H. M. Cross, Mr. Hugh A. Clarke, Miss Anna Jackson, Dr. Carl Seiler, and a teacher of Italian; and a scheme of study has been laid out, covering a term of four years, for the whole course of instruction. As pupils who are preparing to teach advance, they will occupy part of their time in teaching, under the direction of this able professional staff.

Under such favorable auspices, we hope for most valuable results from this musical enterprise. With a lady at the head of it whose cultivated talents as a teacher of vocal science have been recognized by the highest scientific European authorities, and have been attested by a most successful career since her residence in this city, and with such a well-chosen corps of professional assistants, the "School of Vocal Art" can scarcely fail of growing into one of the most important and useful art-schools of this city, and as such we cordially commend it to public notice.

The New Globe Theatre.

We regret to see that this maiden shrine of art is to be profaned by the Opera Bouffe under the Aimée troupe, which has nothing to recommend it, but is as poor in music as it is low in moral tone. Would that the empty seats might show that Boston has no wish to naturalize this spawn of French national corruption in her midst. But Janaschek, with her exquisite classical representations, and the operas of Mozart and Rossini will, we hope, draw appreciative houses which will prove how much we value the best in art. "I am sorry," said John Quincy Adams, when the Tremont Temple was given up, "that Boston cannot support one good theatre." Since his time the success of the Boston Museum under its able director has shown that Boston can support a theatre without the help of rowdiness. The Globe aims at greater elegance and higher walks of art; if its managers will have a little faith in the public, and offer them good things, and the best portion of the public will recognize that it rests with them to decide whether there shall be opportunity of choice

between the good and the evil, there is no reason why Boston should not have a really good theatre for which we should be proud and grateful. Between the low-minded vulgar crowd who will leave a refined theatre and go to lower places, and the cultivated class who will not go to the theatre at all unless it suits their ideas, there is a large class who desire amusement, and who will go to the theatre whatever its character; and to this class belong the young and impressionable on whom sentiments and ideas presented with the charms of poetry, music and scenic effect, have far more influence than arguments addressed to the reason. The church and the school have their work in educating the people; but the theatre has its work also, and it is no safer to let ribaldry and licentiousness and cold cynicism and contempt of honesty be there presented in attractive form than it would be to make "Gil Blas" and "Don Juan" the text-books in the schools.

The press has its part to do in constant, frank and fearless criticism of the plays presented, as well as of their artistic execution; and if all work together we cannot but hope that the Globe will have a long lease of prosperity and usefulness before it, which will justify all the interest which has been taken in its resurrection from its ashes.—*Mrs. E. D. Cheney, in the Index of Dec. 17th.*

WORCESTER, MASS.—MR. B. D. ALLEN gave his third lecture on the great musical composers—this time on Haydn—at Plymouth Chapel, on Thursday evening. The lecture was full of biographical interest, and the musical illustrations particularly attractive, exhibiting the characteristics of the great composer in his various moods. The performers were Miss Ellie Sumner, Mr. C. R. Hayden, Mr. August Schultze, and Mr. G. W. Sumner. Miss Sumner sang two canzonets, "My mother bids me bind my hair," and "The Mermaid's Song," evincing a sweet, fresh, pleasing voice, and unaffected, pure style of expression. Particularly worthy of note was her clear enunciation. Mr. Hayden gave good coloring to a descriptive song, and made every word tell by proper articulation. Mr. Sumner was very happy in the rendering of the Fantasia in C, wherein the peculiar genius of Haydn was strongly manifested, and whose happy, contented spirit was delightfully pictured in the interpretation. The Sonata in F was highly enjoyable, being splendidly rendered by Messrs. Schultze and Sumner. Mr. Schultze made his violin speak volumes, and the mutual understanding between the two performers was admirable. The lecture closed with an illustration of Haydn's music for the Catholic church; the selection being a duet from a Stabat Mater, well sung by Miss Sumner and Mr. Hayden.—*Puls-ladium, Feb. 13.*

The Proposed New Opera House in London.

The London *Daily Telegraph* says: "Everybody—whether, like John Gilpin's spouse, of 'frugal mind,' or of those æsthetic tastes which are not always economical will be glad to know that a portion of the reclaimed land on the Thames Embankment is likely to be turned to a good purpose without further delay. It is no secret that for a long time past, Mr. Mapleson, in association with certain influential supporters of the lyric drama, has been looking for a place where Her Majesty's Opera might be located on a permanent basis. The accommodations afforded at Drury Lane ever since the destruction of 'the old house in the Haymarket' seven years ago, though good as a makeshift, left much to be desired in many respects, and from the first there could not have existed any idea of looking upon the tenancy of Mr. Chatterton's theatre as other than a temporary arrangement pending the re-erection of that over which Lord Dudley holds present sway. Why the new Her Majesty's Theatre remains empty—or perhaps we should say why it was built so that nobody could inhabit it—is a question scarcely worth the trouble of discussion. Enough that when the workmen turned it out of hand, her Majesty's Opera preferred to remain in 'Old Drury,' and its manager resolved to look elsewhere for a permanent home. Various sites were proposed from time to time, but the exigencies of an opera house are, in this respect, not easily satisfied. An opera house not only wants room for itself, but for those who would reach it with ease and comfort; it must be readily accessible from the best quarters of the town, and its surroundings should not present too great a contrast with the luxurious enjoyment purveyed. The difficulty in crowded London was to satisfy such demands at other than an absurdly extravagant cost, and this difficulty existed long after the vacant spaces of the Thames Embankment began to cry out for some one to come and build upon them. The Embankment was all very well, but how was it to be reached? To this question no answer came till the Metropolitan Board of Works resolved upon the new street from Charing Cross. Then the aspect of affairs entirely changed, and the 'magnificent vacancy' lying between the proposed thoroughfare and the St. Stephen's Club presented every advantage for which Mr. Mapleson and his friends had looked so long in vain. No better site for an opera house could be found throughout the length and breadth of London. The space, both for the building and its approaches, is ample; while the access to it from those parts of London where opera-goers chiefly reside leaves nothing to desire; proximity to the Houses of Parliament being a specially important consideration. Looking at facts so important and indisputable, it is not surprising to find Mr. Mapleson in treaty with the Board of Works for the possession of the land, and that at length more than a probability exists of London having an opera house as well situated and, in all essentials, as complete as the sumptuous building lately opened in Paris. If we are rightly informed, the actual transfer of the site has not yet been made; but, having regard for the purpose for which it is sought, the high character of those who promote the scheme, and the public spirit of the Board of Works, it can hardly be supposed that anything will hinder the realization of hopes which rumor long ago excited among the connoisseurs of opera."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Bring our Darling Home again. Song and
Cho. 3. F to f. H. P. Danks. 30

"We hear not a sweet song of gladness,
Since darling was stolen away."

Mamma, I'll return to you. Song and Cho.
3. Bb to f. H. P. Danks. 30

"The birds will sing their songs anew."

By the composer of "Silver threads among the
Gold," who knows how to invest a simple theme
with attractive music. The two songs bid fair to
become very popular.

And so will I. 3. D to e. Pinsuti. 40

"The bonny lad, he loves us both,
The lad that's o'er the sea."

A sweet Scotch song, with a shade of Italian
smoothness in the melody.

Murmuring Streamlet. Lullaby. 3. Bb to g.
Barri. 30

"Sweet music soothe her with soft numbers,
Calling a smile to that dear tiny face."

Lullabies are in order every evening, and here is
a new one, which will be best for a high soprano
voice.

The Miner. 4. A minor to f. Tours. 40

"Rugged and swart, and rough is he,
Yet staunch and true as a man should be."

A bold, strong song for a baritone (a trifle too
high for a bass) voice, and should be very effective
before an audience.

Bird Song. 6. F to b. Heilbron. 60

"Come, pretty bird, and tell me of love,
While I imitate thee."

Charming imitation of bird-warbling.

Show your Ticket. 2. G to d. Wilder. 30

An amusing resume of the recent Season Ticket
trouble.

Her little Soul keep. 2. F to f. Keller. 30

"A dear little lassie we name Pity Pat,
She has a wee kitten she calls Kitty Cat."

A dear little song about a dear little child.

Instrumental.

Brilliant Gems of Gioffé-Gioffé. Lecocq. 40

No. 3. Lancers. Arranged by Downing. 3.

Piquant French airs, better in this form probably,
than in their original setting—with words.

3 Sonatinas. Isador Seiss, ea. 60

No. 2. G minor. No. 3. G major.

Of about the 3d degree of difficulty, are graceful
and correct, fine practice, and furnish quiet, clas-
sical entertainment to true music lovers.

Reiter Galop. 2. D. Zikoff. 30

Very spirited, and may be a favorite alike with
a bold Reiter, (Kluder) and a wide awake dancer.

La Gazelle. 4 hands. 4. Eb Wollenhaupt. 1.90

Popular polka, newly arranged.

In the Forge. (In der Schmiede). 3. D. Jungmann. 35

"Schmiede" in common language, rather means
"smithy" than "forge." Jungmann has made the
most of the musical tap and clang of hammers,
and has produced a piquant, original and tasteful
composition.

The Pink. (Bunte Blumen). 2. G. Lichner. 30

Has a pink-like neatness and sweetness, is easy,
and excellent practice.

Coquette Schottische. 2. F. Weil. 30

The name describes it. Crisp, pretty, coquettish.

Beauties of Gioffé-Gioffé. Lecocq.

No. 3. Waltz. 3. Strauss. 75

"4. Waltz. 3. Knight. 30

"5. Quadrille. 3. Gungl. 40

"6. Polka Redowa. 3. Ab Knight. 30

This natty French music naturally feels most at
home in connection with the dance, and may be en-
joyed as such, perhaps all the more for the absence
of the trifling words.

Die Fledermaus. (The Bat). Quadrille. 40

3. Strauss.

The bat is a most graceful flyer, and may appro-
priately give a name to a graceful set of dances.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B
flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note,
if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above
the staff.

